

## THE HARVEST MOON.

Faded the last faint blush of evening's rose,  
And shadows gather in the sleeping vale,  
Where silent now, the rippling streamlet flows  
Beneath the mist, that, rising dim and pale,  
Hovers above it, like a silver veil,  
Hiding the tears upon the closed-up flowers,  
That seem to weep for the day's vanished hours.

Across the heaven a mellow radiance steals,  
The mist grown brighter, and the silver  
stream

Reflects the tender light which half reveals  
Earth's loveliness, and, like an infant's dream,  
Makes all things beautiful and holy seem:  
The harvest moon along the autumn sky  
Holds her fair sway and bids the darkness fly.

O'er fallen leaves, o'er hill, and vale, and plain,  
O'er rippled fruit and fields of golden grain;  
O'er lovers, lingering in the mystic light,  
Whispering fond words beneath the silent  
night.

O'er the great city in its solemn rest,  
O'er wealth and poverty, the worst, the best,  
Her luster falls, and, through the listening air  
Breathes but of peace and beauty everywhere.  
Serene and pure she mounts the azure heaven,  
Telling the wondrous love her God to man has  
given.

—All the Year Round.

## A DREAM OF HAPPINESS

Down the shadowed path a couple walked  
slowly; they were betrothed lovers.

Behind them came two women, the mother  
and the aunt of the gentle fiancée, so pretty  
with her blue eyes, her fair face, her blonde  
hair.

In a low voice they spoke, evoking the pass-  
ing of that threshold on the morrow which  
would make of their child a woman, and in  
remembering thus a grand emotion which  
made their voices tremble.

The mother of Yvonne, a widow for many  
years, and her sister, "Aunt Hortense," the  
most adorable of old maids, had passed  
sixteen years in ecstatic devotion before the  
little blonde flower, their sole love. They  
had fondled, pampered, spoiled her to their  
hearts' desire.

All three, during these sixteen years, had  
dwelt together in the pretty villa which the  
child quitted on the morrow. This villa,  
their universe, had it not known of all their  
pleasures and all their pains? How could  
they hope to be consoled for the absence of  
Yvonne?

To the sorrow from the severing of this  
loving bondage was given in compensation  
joy at knowing their Yvonne happy. She  
loved and one loved her; the future appeared  
without a cloud. Aunt Hortense was aroused;  
she talked without intermission, and her  
sister, as she was carried onward by memories,  
gave an occasional reply. But 10 o'clock  
sounded; this awoke her.

"Come, my dear Yvonne," cried her aunt,  
"we must reconduct Paul to the gate, after  
which to bed. It is necessary for you to be  
fresh and rosy to-morrow."

At the entrance to the villa Paul took his  
leave.

"To-morrow you will be my Yvonne," said  
he, embracing the young girl, "and afterward  
forever."

In the distance 12 o'clock faintly sounded.  
Yvonne was at her window. Slumber had  
fled, and she preferred in this deep silence to  
dream of her aspirations—of her love.

Around her all was peaceful. The leaves  
did not rustle, the flowers were closed; they  
slept. The little lake was like a mirror of  
silver, and the twinkling stars appeared to  
contemplate tenderly the young girl.

Her reverie was so far prolonged that the  
moon had set, the stars departed, one by one,  
the sky paling toward the east, till little by  
little a band of like color extended all along  
the horizon. And the dawn was born.

"An example," murmured Yvonne, smil-  
ing. "This is what is called a watch night."

In haste she crept to bed.  
"Oh, this is very bad," she added to herself,  
as she shivered under the cover. "One would  
say that I had a veil over my face; I cannot  
see anything; I have taken cold. The air is  
fresh this morning, and auntie has always  
guarded me while sleeping by having the  
windows closed. If she knew that I had done  
the contrary, she would scold not a little."

And, sneezing, she fell asleep.  
At 9 o'clock in the morning, as there was  
no sound of one astir in Yvonne's room, the  
two mothers decided to awaken her.

"Sluggard, she sleeps still," they said, enter-  
ing the chamber.

At the sound the young girl stirred.

"Sluggard!" murmured she, yet sleeping.  
"Is it late, auntie? I did not know it was  
day."

"Not day!" the two women exclaimed,  
laughing, "and the sun so bright. Look at  
it."

"But, auntie," said Yvonne with a pout,  
open-wide her blue eyes, "I do not see any-  
thing at all."

Madame de Courcy and her sister gave a  
cry of dismay.

"What, you see nothing?"

They leaned over the child, all in a tremor.  
Yvonne extended her arms.

"I touch you. I feel you are here," said  
she, "but cannot see you."

"Merciful heaven, she is blind!"

The young girl raised herself suddenly;  
she dilated the lids of her eyes and turned  
her glances about the chamber without per-  
ceiving aught. In inexpressible agony she  
cried:

"Blind! I shall never see Paul any more!"  
Oppressed, terrified, crushed, a long silence  
ensued. Mme. de Courcy was the first to re-  
cover speech.

"How," said she, "is it possible for one to  
become blind all at once? This must be but  
a temporary affliction. The doctor certainly  
will quickly reassure us."

Orders were immediately given, and a ser-  
vant hurried away for the local physician.

Meanwhile, at Yvonne's bedside the two  
guardians, overwhelmed with fear, con-  
centrated all their forces, all their courage, to  
appear calm and keep their charge ignorant of  
their terror.

They caressed her, soothed her, and nearly  
persuaded themselves by the power of reas-  
suring speeches that this was nothing, noth-  
ing at all. In an hour or two she might see  
again.

cult, impossible, perhaps. I need not hide it  
from you, but she may be kept in ignorance.  
You have made her heart so tender that if she  
knew she would die, my poor friends."

"Now," resumed the aunt, when the doctor  
had departed, "we have broken hearts, but  
must appear gay."

"What an awakening," said the mother. So  
much happiness we had expected to-day."

While a servant was gone to inform Paul  
what had happened, the two ladies remained  
by Yvonne.

Bewildered by the announcement of the  
misfortune, Paul Volney hastened to the villa.  
Yvonne was sleeping when he arrived. No  
one had courage to awaken her. Paul, bend-  
ing over the couch, contemplated for a long  
time the gentle face, so beautiful, so pale, so  
sad. A struggle was going on in his heart.

Finally he took the hand of the young girl in  
parting, promising to return in the afternoon.

Both the mother and the aunt doubted him.  
"He does not love her well enough to wed  
her now," they said.

And sadly both sewed upon the white dress  
and the lace veil. They placed her with her  
feet in her small slippers and her crown upon  
her head, in a large chair.

Paul returned as he had promised. He was  
grave. Softly he approached the fauteuil in  
which Yvonne, with closed eyes, was seated,  
and kneeling before her said:

"My beloved! My Yvonne, you would  
know if I love you. Well, to-day, though you  
are sad, ill, I love you more than ever. I  
swear to you to be a good husband; will you  
be my wife?"

The marriage took place five hours after  
this unexpected denouement. Yvonne and  
Paul dwelt in the villa.

A year passed. There came a little infant;  
a girl, blonde and roselike, who had three  
mothers to adore her.

Always hoping for the cure of Yvonne, the  
doctor affirmed that it was but a question of  
time. How long he could not say, but hoped to  
make the interval brief. It was always to-  
morrow.

One day near midsummer, under an arch of  
honeysuckle blossoms, Yvonne cradled in her  
arms her pretty babe. Near by Paul regarded  
her lovingly. Mme. de Courcy and the aunt  
were engaged in knitting little stockings of  
white wool for the dear one.

"She has pretty ways," said the father, sud-  
denly. "She warbles already like a little  
lady. She is your portrait, my dear. Your  
blonde hair, your eyes."

Yvonne raised the baby to her face, fixing  
upon her eyes bathed in joyfulness. Then in  
a voice that struggled with emotion, she said:

"Deceiver! You know well that she has  
dark eyes like yours!"

By the effort to see her child she had re-  
covered her sight.—Waverly Magazine.

## VERSATILE OSCAR WILDE.

The Erstwhile Esthete Not as Flabby as  
He Used to Look.

Boston Herald.

The American public seems to have put  
Oscar Wilde down as an effeminate crank.  
But he is really a great man. A new book of  
short stories by Oscar Wilde has just been  
published in England, and the criticisms of it  
seem to be most favorable. Indeed, Oscar  
Wilde is so versatile in his literary facility  
that he stands almost, if not quite, at the  
head of the younger English writers of the  
day. Andrew Lang, Stevenson, Jerome K.  
Jerome, and Henley are, perhaps, the other  
Englishmen whose names are most frequently  
mentioned, and whose work has the most in-  
fluence on the thought of the day.

There are many others who have risen to  
great prominence in one or two fields of lit-  
erature; but these four men are each blessed  
with a wide culture and a versatile pen.  
Oscar Wilde has attained, perhaps, a more  
varied success than his competitors, for he  
has written a successful novel, a successful  
play, and a successful series of essays, besides  
having published some quite lovely poetry  
and having been recognized as a good jour-  
nalist and a clever editor.

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Derwood.....	9.15	1 25
Washington Grove.....	9.18	1 20
Gaithersburg.....	9.23	1 20
Ward.....	9.24	1 20
Gloppers.....	9.26	1 15
Germanstown.....	9.33	1 10
Boyd's.....	9.40	1 05
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